

Sorry for the sin

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Summary: When Patsy and Delia have to put everything on the change for love, it leaves them in between a rock and a hard place. Going to be a long story Already on Wattpad

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*\_I had already uploaded this but my chapter weren't right and bits were missing so I am trying again! \_\*\*

\*\*\_Reviews would be great :) \_\*\*

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Patsy's heart pounded as she snuck out of her room "it was 4am but she was too scared to leave it any later. She fixed her oversized shirt as she tiptoed down the corridor. Back to her room at that moment in time her room felt like a lifetime away and the few steps seem to take hours, she pushed her slightly squeaking door open just enough for her to sneak in.

To her surprise Trixie was sat up, cigarette in hand tears rolling down her face "Why did you tell me Patsy?" Trixie asked, before taking another drag of her cigarette. Patsy's heart was now beating outside her chest; she was in so much panic and had even started to shake a little.

"Tell you what Trixie?"

"What you are." Trixie snapped back. Patsy didn't know what to respond. Did Trixie really know or was Patsy really over thinking it.

"Trixie I have no idea what you're on about!" Patsy responded now slightly flustered, but trying to seem calm and like she really didn't have a clue what Trixie was on about.

"I have just spent the last 2 hours trying to put together the pieces and they fit patsy - It all makes sense now, why you didn't like tom and why I have never seen you with a gentleman friend of any sort" Words flew from Trixie's mouth that she never thought she'd even think, let alone say out loud. She knew instantly from the look in Patsy's eyes that she was indeed correct.

"Trixie whatever your thinking your being crazy â€" its 4 o clock in the morning I went to the bath room now please can you let me sleep" Patsy while avoiding eye contact with her best friend walked over to her bed and got under the cold covers trying not to show how she really felt. Patsy felt Trixie's words echo throughout her body and she had denied it to her, the feeling of guilt pushed throughout her body.

Patsy didn't sleep a wink that night, and neither did Trixie they both just lay there, neither one of them wanting to say anything but both of them hurting. As they both lay there in there fake sleep they heard the first familiar rumbles of chaos from the kitchen letting both of them know their day had started. Trixie got up first avoiding looking at patsy or in her direction as she lay they're facing the wall aimlessly. Trixie not even saying good morning as she normally did when they were both on the same shifts just got on with her morning, Patsy didn't move a muscle until Trixie was firmly outside the bedroom. Patsy's usually orderly routine in the mornings when she was on district rounds passed in a blur, she was half way down the street before she even wanders if she has attached her bag to her bike, her brain was screaming to go back and tell Trixie the truth but her feet keeping peddling forwards, quicker then she normally does it with Barbra struggling to keep up. District rounds nearly killed Patsy, she wasn't in the mood to make small talk or talk to Barbra about how Trixie left in quick rush this morning and looked like she was about to cry. Patsy already felt bad enough about last night's events without Barbra making her feel any worse. Barbra didn't have a clue of last night's events she was just considered about Trixie and Patsy knew that deep down.

Patsy rushed in from district rounds and went to find Delia, she needed to feel safe again, she felt so lost and couldn't even tell Trixie the truth because the truth was a sin and Trixie seemed to be very disapproving last night. Because Patsy just wanted to show her love off to people but last night just showed her that she would never be able to do that, she is never going to be able to hold Delia's hand or kiss her in public, she didn't even want that she just didn't want to have to go to a little club in the middle of know where to dance with the person she loved. She was so very much in love yet no one was allowed to know. No one could know how happy she was because her happiness would cost her, her job and her home and possibly even her freedom.

After being unable to find Delia she confided to her own room hoping she would be able to gather up her through and avoid tears. Trixie knew how to keep a poker face all those years gambling with sweats against Jenny were about to pay off after all. So long as she appeared nonchalant, with no pinkness in her cheeks to betray her. No tears in her eye she needed to forget that last night had ever happened because it was a sin, if her hunch was correct then her best friend was a sinner. Patsy couldn't be a sinner!

## 2. Chapter 2

As patsy heard the bedroom door go, she watched Trixie enter without turning her head, trying to forget her existence.

"Delia rang to say she was stuck at the London and would have to cancel the pictures today" Trixie said trying to hide the shaking in her voice, poker hadn't prepared her for this. Nothing had prepared her for this. Fear travelled in Patsy's veins but with the help of all her focus it never made it into her facial expression. Her complexion remained pale and her eyes as steady as if she was shopping for shoes.

"Thanks for letting me know" Patsy said looking her from her magazine. Trying to keep the tears from her eyes.

Trixie let out a large sigh as if she was about to speak but quickly changed her mind, thinking better of making another comment

"I'm rather glad she canceled, I think Nurse Crain put me on call" Patsy kept the calmness in her voice the best he could. She wanted to cry and tell Trixie the truth but she knew the truth would break everything and hurt everyone she cared about including Delia, they would both lose their jobs and their housing. While some days Patsy felt like they would be okay if everything went wrong she didn't want to chance it - without their jobs and the house they had nothing She couldn't put Delia though that.

"Well I have Art History tonight" Trixie stated as if just too keep the incredibly uncomfortable situation going any longer then was needed.

"Well do have fun" Patsy replied lighting a cigarette and angling herself towards the ashtray meaning she had to angle herself towards Trixie. Trixie gave a fake smile, showing her white teeth before walking out the room in which they shared

As Trixie shut the door Patsy sighed a long deep sign, and tried her hardest to shake off the pain and guilt she was hiding inside. Patsy must have dozed off into a deep sleep but woke to the sound of Delia's soft welsh voice "I was worried that you missed dinner" Delia said "I snuck you a slice of cake before Monica Joan gets her hands on it" Delia said as she gestured to the plate sat on Patsy's side table "I guessed you were just resting your eyes" Her soft welsh voice made Patsy feel instantly safe again.

"You didn't have to Delia" Patsy sighed, straightening herself out and sitting up in her bed. Delia smiled a long slow smile because even though there were nuns praying nearby this was a small glimpse of the life they could have had before the accident. In Delia's eyes no one knew any wiser, in her eyes they were still able to be themselves in the safety of Patsy's room when Trixie was out. As Delia perched on Trixie's bed, Patsy grinned at the small bunch of flower Delia had put next to the slice of cake; they were a red/orange and clashed perfectly with Patsy's hair.

"Yes, I did have to do this because I love you" Delia said sweetly. Patsy knew she had to tell her about the events that occurred in the early hours of the morning but she wanted to live in the little bubble for a little longer, pretending everything was fine and that

they were safe.

"The Nuns were saying Trixie has been in a mood all day?" Delia questioned, trying to make casual conversation not realizing that her and Patsy were the reason for Trixie's sudden change of behavior. Patsy led her nearly finished cigarette on the side of the ashtray.

"She knows" Patsy said calmly, trying to act like nothing out of the ordinary was spoken.

"You told her!" Delia said firmly, in shock that her girlfriend could put their whole lives in ruins.

"No, she asked me and I denied it. I really did." Patsy could find the words to say anything else, and she didn't want to cry because she had been strong about this for far too long, she had gone through so much worse than this. Yet that one early morning conversation had broken her down. Made her feel like she had no right to love Delia and she did love her more than anything.

"Then what's the problem Patsy. She asked you, you denied it. There's nothing more than that you can do. Carry on" Delia had moved next to Patsy and Patsy lay her head on Delia's shoulder, it kept her safe. This secret that was so wrong kept her safe.

The conversation paused for a few moments as they both gathered their thoughts. Delia gathered up the dishes from the cake. Patsy sat up in bed a little straight and caught her lips on Delia's. A soft moan left Delia's mouth.

"My room, cards" Delia said laughing to herself in an attempt to keep Patsy's mood up. And it was apparently working. Patsy was just hoping no unexpected mothers went into labor tonight.

### 3. Chapter 3

For the first time ever luck and pregnancies were on Patsy's side, with no phone calls their night turned out pretty good, while it was no secret date night to the cinema or anything fancy. They could just sit there and enjoy each other's company in a more than just friend way. They could forget all the outside world pressures of having to get married to a man they could just picture their life together, the forbidden life. The conversation with Trixie still stayed firmly in the forefront of Patsy's mind, with every kiss between her and Delia made the realization of what she was clearer. She tried to forget it, she really did but she just couldn't.

"Patsy what's wrong" Delia couldn't pretend nothing was wrong any longer, it was the only really night they both had together in days, and even then Patsy was on call, she didn't want to waste their little free time but she knew something was wrong.

"It's Trixie" Patsy responded now staring into space. Trying to seem like she wasn't lost in the darkest scariest part of her mind.

"Carly, we have been through this, she had no proof just a suspicion and we all know Trixie is full of them. "

"I guess your right" Was all Patsy could respond. She knew Delia was right but knowing something and admitting it was something completely different.

Patsy made the same trip back to her room as she had done the previous night, only slightly earlier. Aiming to slip down the corridor just before midnight, just before Trixie got home so she would have to explain and everything would seem perfectly normal. As she gets closer to her room she hears "I love how you love me" The record that was playing when they first went to the gateways club. That mean Trixie was home earlier than expected. She took a long heavy breath before stepping into her room.

"Evening" Patsy, said, trying to act like nothing was wrong

"I know, Patsy and you can keep denying in but nothing is going to make me believe any differently" Patsy didn't know how to respond she didn't know whether that meant Trixie was going to tell the world or that she was okay with it.

Patsy couldn't even respond and that just made everything clearer for Trixie, she wanted to be okay with it. She really did. She had always kind of figured but she just couldn't process it. She tried. As patsy lay down for bed. Trixie lit enough cigarette and said "I want to be okay with it Pats, I so very much do. But for some reason I'm not and I find it all rather unsettling"

No other sound way made for what felt like years then Patsy turned around under her blanket and faced Trixie who was still sat up smoking the last few drags of her cigarettes.

"Are you going to tell anyone?" Her voice was weak and cloaked in fear. The fear sat on Patsy like a pillow over her mouth and nose. Trixie finished her cigarette and put it in the ass dray next to the flowers Patsy received earlier. She didn't make a sound simply walked out the door, just return moment later with Delia who looked tired and confused. Patsy smiled at Delia's bed hair and the Welsh woman's uncertain look that was plastered across her face.

"Hello Pats" Delia said smiling but trying not to show too much job.

"Patsy sit up, Delia sit next to her. We need to talk" Trixie's voice was firm but shaking a little.

"Trixie whatever is wrong?" Delia asked, her smile had been replaced with real concern for her friend.

"You need to know, that I'm not going to tell anyone." Trixie said sitting down on her bed doing everything in her power not to reach for the bottle of gin that was placed out of her view next to Patsy's bed. Patsy smiled a little, the first smile that crept across her face all day.

"But I'm not going to defend your actions. Nor am I okay with it" Her voice started to tear up as Patsy placed her hand on Delia's Knee for support

"I want to be okay with it, I really do but I can't" She kept talking

as if she was trying to justify herself. She didn't know why she needed to. Every cell her brain told her it was a sin. Told her that it wasn't right but every other part of her body wanted to congratulate them and help them get their nights off to match. She was stuck between religion and her best friend being happy.

"Now I'm going to turn my back go to the bathroom, so you can say goodnight and then I'm going to pretend this never happens .I'm sorry Patsy" With that Trixie picked up her wash bag and made her way out the room.

Delia smiled and kissed Patsy with no fear anymore.

"I'm sorry, Deels" Patsy said, trying to say sorry for blowing the lid on them to Trixie. Delia didn't understand what Patsy was apologizing for. No one was hurt and no one was going to lose his or her job "not yet anyways."

#### 4. Chapter 4

"Patience Mount, you dark horse" She said smiling, making it clear she had noted Patsy's lipstick on Delia's lips. "I will okay with it one day Patsy"

"I know Trixie and I o you the world for not telling the nuns" Patsy said calmly.

"She's been good for you Patsy, I know that and I know how happy she makes you. I'm really trying to understand. I even went to Tom"

"You didn't tell him did you" Patsy said sighing

"No, I had to pull all my strength just to have a 5 minute convocation with him" Trixie responded "We spoke about Mr. Amos he official killed himself a couple of weeks ago, I didn't realize. Then we go into a heated debate over why being gay is so wrong in the first place"

Patsy smiled at Trixie's effect. Patsy knew how much she was trying to understand, how much she was trying to be okay with it even know she was struggling. Seeing Delia was hard for Trixie, she made small talk when she must but didn't want to put her foot in it or say something that they would consider offence. The truth was Trixie was scared for them, she didn't want them to be arrested or have to go through treatment like Mr. Amos did, he didn't end well and Trixie couldn't bare that happening to her best friend no matter who she wanted to love.

Patsy smiled as she slept, but Trixie still slept in fear for her friend. She was there when patsy wasn't around she heard the nuns talk more about more about relationship and even heard nurse mount state that if Delia was man she would assume they were courting.

Nuns made remarks that made Trixie bite her tongue as she tried to stay out of the way of speculation, and not get involved as her brain and her heart were constantly contradicting themselves.

Trixie dozed off just as patsy woke up to her lover. Dawn found her

with a smile on her lips and Delia is laying her arms, eyes closes, enjoying a pleasant dream. There is silence at Nonnatus House, broken only periodically by the singing of the bird. Daylight seeped into the room falling through the curtains, flooding the room with bright and yellow light. The faint smell of coffee wakes Patsy as she inhales it. She realizes that she can't savor the moment much longer and she is not the only one awake. Anytime now her friends and colleagues will spring to life. Preparing themselves for the day ahead. Every ration part of her body is telling her she needed to move out of Delia and get a move one to join them but this was a prefect carefree moment. There was no ticking of a clock nothing to make her want to go back to reality. Her health swells as she squeezes Delia a little bit tighter, to keep her safe. To let her know she protected. Her eyes flicker open.

"Good Morning" Patsy whispered

Delia grinned sleepily and leans in to capture Patsy's lips. Delia didn't want to move, everything she loved in life was sat next to her, she just wanted to spend the like this, tangled up in their nudity. Yet she knows she must get ready for work. Delia sense Patsy's unwillingness to move and while she doesn't want her too, Delia pushes her slightly urging her to get out of the room before it causes chaos.

"Goâ€|" Delia murmurs through the soft passionate kisses with Patsy "Before they see you" Her voice sounded soft but her eyes told a different story. She didn't want Patsy to leave but she could stay any longer.

With great reluctance and all the inner will power she could grasp Patsy dragged herself out of the warm safe bed, startled a little at the coldness of the wooden floor against her feet.

"I love you" Delia mouth silently to Patsy as if that was the biggest sin that had happened in this room.

"I love you too," Patsy mouthed back.

No one could wipe the grin off their faces and no one had the right too. Lacking modesty Patsy grabbed her clothes that were scattered across the floor and made a break for the bathroom. She gets out without any interruption and once sat away from the world in the bathroom .she locked the door and let's out a relieved sigh â€" another night down she through to herself. Staring at the bathroom clock, she was nearly 10 minutes late for rounds, with a quick wash and dress; the smile wouldn't leave her face. With the idea of eyeliner abandoned and her hair looking ever so slightly presentable she made haste onto the landing trying to think of a good excuse for being late one that she hadn't used recently. Her brain doesn't seen=m to be functioning, Patsy fled down the stairs nearly tripping on one of Fred's tools causing her to do a little leap.

Luckily Sister Julianne has disappeared sorting out today's Rota. Patsy glanced around to the room of known faces; Trixie, Barbara and Nurse Crane. They were sorting through their medical kits for the day and drinking what now much be nearly cold coffee. They were eyeing Patsy suspiciously. None of them making a sound.

"Sorry" Patsy burst out "I overslept"

No one believed her but it was all she could say.

"It sounded like you had a man over last night" Barbara tried to say out of ear shot from the others, she didn't realize how loud she was being but, from looking around it was clear Nurse Crane thought the same.

Patsy blushed uncontrollably, now making a clear effort to avoid eye contact. Reaching over for her medical kit seemed to be the easiest way to avoid eye contact and gave Patsy a great reason to look down in order to check the equipment. Trying as well as she could to hide her embarrassment and trying to shake off the feeling of unnecessary guilt.

"There was no man here" She replied quietly. She wasn't lying there wasn't any men last night, yet she still left like a liar. It was a half-truth as her dad used to call it when she was a just a child. Lies were swirling all around her; most of her life was a lie she spoke lies every day out of fear.

Barbara says nothing in response, what could she say? People knew what they heard but no man had been her. Both sides her right. It was Patsy they had heard last night but it wasn't Patsy with some man. It was Patsy with Delia.

Barbara glances around the room almost trying to get the others to speak up, asking for support. Nurse Crane had her judging eyes on but stood silently in the corner off the room. Trixie trying to keep a straight face and trying to stay out of it. Trixie sipped her coffee loudly and avoid Patsy's gazes, the convocation was over no one else could say anything and no one else wanted to apart from Patsy she felt the need to keep talking, to make sure that everyone knew was wasn't with a man last night.

"I was asleep next to Trixie all night, I didn't move all night. " Patsy tried to protest with false innocence. Trixie raised her eyebrow in-between her loud sips of coffee, silently letting Patsy know that she wasn't fooling anyone and wasn't the tiniest bit convincing. Trixie stared at Patsy trying to hint to her not to press the issue and just let their hunches die down. Her fingertips tapped nervously on the surface. They were nervous for Patsy. How stupid could she have been?

"Perhaps it was Delia" Barbara asked out loud "She doesn't seem like that kind of girl" As soon as those words left her mouth she knew what she had let herself in for.

"And I do, do I?" Patsy snapped. Her good mood from this morning had quickly gone away and was shattered into thousands of tiny pieces.

Barbara lowers her eyes, almost as if she was insulted by Patsy tone. The atmosphere grew thick and awkward, filled with Patsy's anger "Honestly Barbara! Perhaps it was you with the man over; how are we know" Patsy had officially lost it, about to storm out when Sister Julianne wandered back in unaware of the argument that had previously occurred.

"I see you have decided to join us, Nurse Mount," She says as she



looks at the list of patients in her hand. She signed a silent sign unable to muster up a good enough believable excuse.

"Yes. I'm sorry Sister" anger still protruded Patsy's voice but it was better anger than embarrassment, she was allowed to be angry but if she was embarrassed then Barbara would defiantly know her hunch was sort of right.

"My fault, sister" Trixie said smiling taking the last gulp of her coffee. "I should have woken her but she looked so peaceful"

Sister Julianne smiles faintly and Barbara looks down, knowing that Trixie was firmly on Patsy's side.

Sister Julianne starts her monologue about patients and the times of one's impending shift. Trixie catches Patsy's eye from across the room silently Patsy thanks her and Trixie nods in responses with a smile, It was moment of pure friendship and a moment in which Trixie truly understood what Patsy was having to go through. Trixie was just glad that she knew about Patsy and Delia but they weren't very subtle and without Trixie and her lie they would most likely both on their way to the office.

As the midwives scuttled out the room Patsy felt a touch on her shoulder which made her turn round a little startled

"Nurse Mount, may I see you in my office after your rounds â€" we have much to discuss."

"Of course Sister, may I ask what it's about" Patsy responded, wandering if sister had heard her lash out at Barbara.

"I think you know" With that sister Julianne walked away. Not turning around, not looking back. Patsy stood not sure what she was meant to say.

"Patsy come on" Trixie called from outside.

Patsy shook off any fears of that convocation and went to join Trixie. Closing the door to Nonnatus House behind Patsy. Trying to forget this morning events and focus on the happiness of the night previous.

"Sister Julianne wasn't to see me after rounds" Was all Patsy could say. She didn't want to make small talk, or see Barbara, she wanted to go back to bed with the person she loved the most but it very well might be lying in that bed that caused her all these problems.

"It will be okay Patsy" Trixie said in a hushed tone, dragging Patsy to her bicycle "For now there's nothing you can do. Let's just focus on the job in hand"

Patsy nodded in response and clambered onto her bicycle. Trixie gestured to follow, looking slightly concerned about Patsy's state of mind. Patsy uses the last remaining bit of energy to paint a smile onto her face, convincing passersby that she was okay. She had patients to see, babies to deliver, lives to save. That was all she could let herself think about. Everything else was going to have to wait.

## 5. Chapter 5

The round went slow and at every turn, Patsy felt a larger and great weight on her shoulders. It was near the end of 1962, when world was changing for the better she felt so dirty and yet so happy. There was talk of a gay rights movement but nothing more said, it was just echoes in the gateway. Whispers on the late night bus. Patsy knew even if there was on she should get involved. But part of her wanted their to be one. She wanted their to be protests she could join in, to see streets lined with people like she was. She had vivid dreams of the streets of London filled with man holding hands with men and women holding hands with women. Like nothing was wrong. She smiled a little at the through, before being snapped out of her fantasy but a women Patsy nearly took out on her bicycle.

Trixie grew more and more worried for Patsy throughout the day, not sure what to say in order to support her friend made Trixie worried and slightly nervous. She didn't know the words to tell Patsy that her heart was winning over her head. Trixie needed to tell Patsy that she was going to be okay but the truth is she didn't know Patsy's faith she didn't know what the sisters knew what they wanted to talk to her about but she did know that Patsy was her best friend and nothing could change that.

As they put their bikes in the hut after what felt like a never ending day of rounds, Patsy's heart was thudding out her chest. Trixie looked over to her for the moral support she could give of the unknown.

Patsy was hoping that her presence would go unnoticed or Sister Julianne would be otherwise busy with a pregnant mother. But like clockwork Sister was waiting for Patsy in the kitchen. Patsy out her bag down then without saying a word followed sister Julianne into her office.

"Have a seat" Sister said, in her calm caring tone. She didn't sound angry but that didn't mean she wasn't. Patsy did as she was asked and sat on the edge of her seat, sweat left her palms and she was concentrating on not shaking to give away her guilt.

"It has been brought to my attention that someone has reported homosexual actions against you" Her voice didn't change yet felt icy against nurse Mounts ears.

Patsy froze she didn't know what to say

"That's absurd" Patsy spluttered out.

"An expected mother saw you and nurse mount late last week getting off the bus from Chelsea"

The gateways club, they were coming home from the gateways. They were careful how did someone see them.

"Now while this matter isn't illegal, you are in place of worship here at Nonnatus House" The sister continued

"I am going to have to report the event to the mother house but until then I am going to take you off all midwifery duties" Her voice was

still calm unlike Patsy's who couldn't even form a sentence. Patsy's silence told Sister Julianne all she needed to know, the shock on Patsy's face wasn't a shock of being suspected but a shock of being found out.

"You know I'm a good midwife" Patsy responded "Why can't I work because of one absurd comment?" She felt horrible lying about her Delia but she needed her job, Delia needed hers. Delia's job and Nonnatus House was the only thing keeping her in London.

"Patsy you are a good midwife I'm not denying that but we just simply can't have someone who is apparently aâ€¦" she paused for a moment not sure on how finish the sentence "â€¦of such things working in that area" Patsy no longer cared about the reasons she just needed to ask about Delia

"What about Delia?" Patsy asked

"As Nurse Busby doesn't work with us and I am going to phone up the London and talk to them about the situation first. With Delia's shifts I will most likely discuss the situation with her after breakfast tomorrow" Nurse mount didn't respond what you she say just got up off the chair and walked out, shutting the big wooden door behind her and running out the bigger wooden door that was Nonnatus House. She didn't get her bike she just ran. Tears streaming down her face, she didn't want to cry but she had just lost the role that she lived at Nonnatus House for, what would she do if she wasn't to do the midwife duties. She would be stuck on district round if she was even allowed to do that. She wouldn't be able to do the clinic on Tuesday, she wouldn't get to talk to the new mums about jabs or do checkup, consoling scared first time mothers. She was losing all the cared about and she could even end up losing Delia. Patsy didn't know where she was running but she kept running. She went to the coffee shop where she and Delia had spent many a great evening ordered a drink and just sat there- outside it was starting to get dark but she couldn't care. She didn't care that she was still in uniform because it wouldn't be long until she wasn't allowed to wear it at all â€" the uniform was her safety and now they wanted to take it off her.

Patsy was lost in her lies, in her stories in the things she said to prevent more questions. The only thing that made her lies worth telling was Delia. She could lose Delia. And Patsy knew she would never let that happen. The minutes in the coffee shop turned into the hours, just staring into space. She knew she had to go back home, she knew she had to face the other nuns and nurses. Patsy left the coffee shop as the owner locked the door behind her. She didn't run home like she ran away but lowly tiptoed through the streets feeling watched at every corner, by every shadow of people going about their evening.

It was silent when she pushed the front door open, Patsy wasn't surprised for this time of night, she was thankful for the silence all the safe. Quietly hoping everyone was in bed or over wise engaged. Patsy knew Delia would be panicking when she wasn't their when she got home or over evening meal. Patsy felt guilty for not hoping the London to tell her what has been going on.

Glancing at the board Patsy is glad to see that Sister Julianne and Barbara have been called out and sigh of relief leaves her body

knowing she won't be having to see them tonight. Patsy's name had been wiped off the on call board and her heart sunk a little, she had

lost her midwife post, Sister Julianne wasn't kidding. She knows Delia's awake before she even sees the silver light coming from under her girlfriends closed bedroom door. Patsy knew deep down that Delia wouldn't have even considered sleeping until she knew Patsy was safe, and she was right. Delia had tried everything to calm her nerves and had now resorted to pacing up and down her room. Staring aimlessly at a photo of her and Patsy. Patsy knew it would be so easy to go into to see Delia to explain the actions but she just couldn't bring her too. Standing in the corridor like a lost puppy Patsy made up her mind " she needed to see Delia, talk through today's events. Let her know what was happening because Delia could lose her job in the morning and Patsy needed to pre-warn her.

Patsy tiptoed across the corridor finding she needed more courage than normal to open Delia's door.

"Patience Mount, if I didn't know any better I would say you were avoiding me" Delia was being hard to read. So patsy still didn't know if Delia knew about any of today's events. Delia took Patsy's hand and pulled her into the room quietly closing the door behind them.

"I just can't do it any more Deels" Patsy was shaking now "Someone's filed a report about us". Delia didn't know what to say - they were careful, they were close every knew that but she didn't understand- she didn't ant to understand what was happening.

"They have taken me off midwife duties and Sister Julianne was phoning the London today to discuss further action for you" Patsy's word came out stumbled and almost like a drunken slur.

"I denied it Deels and they have no real proof just a patient that saw us when we were on our way back from the gateways"

"It's okay Patsy' Delia said. I haven't seen Sister Julianne yet but if she wants to talk to me, I will tell her that it's a wild idea and it's just simply not true" Delia was calm to look at but her voice was unsure she knew how much this must be eating patsy up. She knew how much midwifery meant to Patsy and because of their actions " Delia's carelessness she may lose all she has worked for.

"I want to badly to kiss you when were out in public, waiting for the bus. I want to hold your hand or put your hand on your knee when watching, but I can't. It makes me so Angry Deels I almost want the world to know" Patsy was angry but scared, fear couldn't mask the anger she was feeling.

She didn't care anymore, she didn't care that it was a sin, she was in love with the person of her dreams and yet that wasn't allowed. Her love wasn't allowed.

"Pats" Delia was holding Patsy She could feel the warmth of Patsy against her body. "It's going to be okay"

"But Delia" Patsy started to talk only to be cut off by Delia who pulls away slightly and presses her finger onto Patsy's lips.

"Shh. I love you Patsy Mount and there is no point worrying about events we can't change. We can't change who we are and you know what? I don't want to."

Patsy smiled a little, her lips still pressed against Delia's finger.

"I know that we may not be able to shout our love to the world but I would rather love you in secret for the rest of our lives than have one minute without you" Then she lets her finger drop from Patsy's lips.

Patsy's heart rate slowly starts slowing down because with Delia she felt safe, that's when it hits Patsy during the fuss of the evening she had become so caught up in her job and forgotten that was most important. Delia. Patsy loved Delia and Delia loved her. Patsy really adored her and she would do so until the end of her days " she had just seemed to forget that for a while.

"Oh Delia, I love you too. So, very, very, very much." Patsy punctuated her words with kisses on her forehead, her cheeks and then finally her lips.

Patsy knew she couldn't spend another night in Delia's room, but she just didn't want to leave. They kissed for a few more minutes " there lips locking, sparks flying as they forgot about the day's event. Delia didn't even know half of it but Patsy couldn't bring herself to tell her, she just wanted to enjoy her girlfriend company without thinking about Barbara or the nuns.

## 6. Chapter 6

As Patsy finally prepared herself to leave Delia held her by the door. Just for a second Delia could shut out where they were and focus on the women she loved. "Pats" She whispers. She kisses Patsy again in the light of the open door and hallway anyone could have walked past but they didn't care about anyone else anymore.

"I believe things will change. They have to. One day Patsy Mount we will be able to walk down the street holding hands. Or get married and when that day comes I'll be so proud to call you my wife" She pressed three kisses against Patsy's flushed face and feels Patsy's eye filling with tears. Patsy wanted to believe her.

"Love you Delia" Patsy responded before walking silently down the corridor.

As she opened her door she wasn't surprised to find that Trixie wasn't in bed but sat up smoking a cigarette and reading the same vogue she always fell back to. Trixie leapt out of bed before Patsy had time to register the situation.

"Oh Patsy I'm so sorry" Trixie sounded just as hurt as Patsy by the whole situation

"I'm guessing Sister Julianne told the whole of Poplar," Patsy said a bit taken back by Trixie sudden hug  
>"No, she just told everyone that due to change in even you wouldn't

be participating in midwifery duties anymore "Trixie paused before continuing "I was the only one that put the event together"<p>

Patsy didn't know what to respond but the silence said more than words ever could. Patsy moved in silence and pain onto her bed, with no energy to get changed she just lay " she wanted to tell Trixie it was going to be okay, but only to try and convince herself.

"Is that all she said?" Patsy asked trying to work out what her options were.

>"Yes, she mentioned it rather casually over dinner. Barbara ,bless her is worried it due to the argument you and she had earlier." Trixie was trying to lighten the mood but her words were still spoken with real concern.<p>

Patsy poured herself a glass " she tried not to drink around Trixie because of how strong she was being but she needed a drink, she needed to forget her thought and forget the event of the previous day.

"Oh, I do need to apologize to her, don't I?" Patsy asked trying to keep the convocation away from her and Delia. Trixie was too focused on the amber liquid to respond straight away. Her eyes fixated on the Patsy pouring the liquid into a glass and the golden glow the glass was giving off. She watched, entranced as Patsy took a sip waiting for Trixie to answer. Patsy saw the look in Trixie's eyes and immediately put the drink to the side of her bed away from Trixie's view.

"Sorry Trixie" Patsy said shaking Trixie out of her trance.

Trixie carrying on like nothing had happened "She wanted to find you tonight, she felt terrible about what she said to you- you know she didn't mean it like that"

Patsy knew Trixie was right but for some reason she couldn't make her argument with Barbara a big deal " by the time she had a chance to speak to her , Barbara would most likely already be aware of who was making those noises then she wouldn't want to talk to her anyway.

Delia lay in her room, trying to sleep wishing Patsy was by her side, keeping her warm making sure she was okay. The anticipation of tomorrow's events was kind of a nervous energy. It tingled through her like electrical sparks on the way to the ground, gathering at her toes. Before she knew it the sun would rise and her life would change. While Delia had never been a smoker and had banned Patsy from doing such thing in her bedroom, she had found one of Patsy cigarettes in a jacket pocket Patsy had left in her room. She kept the cigarettes before returning the jacket to Patsy several weeks earlier and now Delia thought, now would be a suitable time to try one.

With a box of matches used to light candles, she lit her cigarette up. She inhaled slowly coughing a little as it first entered her system. She couldn't see the attraction Patsy had with them and had been trying to get Patsy to stop since Doctor Turner spoke about the possible effects. Taking small slow draws of the cigarette, she felt somewhat calmed. She felt her lungs being wrapped in a warm blanket, a feeling she had never felt before

xxx

Patsy got up earlier than normal, not 100% what she was waking up for but she knew she needed to see Delia again, make sure she was calm. To calm herself down. She was nervous for Delia more so than herself. Her mum would disown her if she knew any of the events of the day before. Delia was sat on her bed, smoke filled her room and her eyes filled with fear, she sat aimlessly as if absorbed in the smoke.

"Delia" Patsy screamed horrified and assumed the worst. She knew the scream was loud and would most likely wake up other members of the house.

>"Pats" Delia murmured in a tired voice. Patsy ran to open the window in an attempt to get rid of the smoke.<br>"Delia, are you okay?" Patsy asked, sitting on Delia's bed. Delia had dozed off sat upright making her looks slightly uneasy at first glance  
>"I'm fine, Pats. I lit one of you bloody cigarettes to help me think" Patsy smiled at Delia and her annoyed humor "But all it did was smoke out my whole room" Delia's welsh voice echoed in Patsy's body making her smile in the light of the early morning sun. Her voice was tired but the welshness made her sound almost cheerful<p>

Delia shook off her fears and tiredness standing up slowly. In the midst of all the smoke, she had almost convinced herself that the previous' day's events were just dreams, or nightmares. But no as she sank back down to reality she still had to face them. While Patsy had avoided telling her large chunks of the day before Delia knew she had heard Barbara talking to nurse Crain about it after dinner.

Delia let word roll off her tongue in a timbre of warmth , the melodic sounds hit Patsy's ear drums but she didn't listen she was mesmerized by Delia her every move made patsy's heart beat faster and clearer. Patsy smiled at Delia's early morning rant that had somehow merged with her apology due to the smell. Patsy wondered how Delia was so prepared for the day that faced her with Patsy struggling to stay in popular because of the events she found it refreshing that Delia didn't look fazed.

The truth was it did bother Delia right down to the core but her mum had always taught her that hope was the best way. When she was in the hospital she had to hope that her memories would return and hope got her through that " Delia had already lost everything once she wasn't going to lose it again. Hope to Delia was a bright start in a hopelessly dark universe. Through light years of distance, the brightness fills one's inner soul. Hope to Delia wasn't just an emotion like it was to Patsy and the others hope was a promise that smiling and laughter was just around the corner.

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Patsy went down to breakfast first, leaving Delia to get ready. She braced herself for the nuns as she headed downstairs " but they were just as busy as ever barely having time to notice nurse Mounts arrival. Sister Julianne stood still looking at the route of today trying to work out where was the best fit for Patsy to go.

"Nurse Mount " Your with Barbara doing insulin this morning" She

didn't look Patsy in the eye but her voice was clear and direct. She could have been standing square on. Patsy didn't say a word just braced herself for Barbara debating, wondering if she should apologise.

"Now Nurse Mount" Sister Julianne spoke again, this time looking at Patsy using her eyes to direct her towards the exit. She grabbed her bag not having time to check if everything was in there she headed out the bicycles. The sheds feel silent as she walked over. Neither nuns nor nurses so much as breathed loudly.

"So who are we seeing first?" Patsy asked trying to put on a false smile and failing miserably.

>."Mr. Saxon," Barbara said a bit shook up by the mood Patsy appeared to be in. Trixie nodded her head before heading off in her own direction.<br>The way as long and silent " Neither of them tried to make conversation as they cycled in the crisp British air. The sky was getting more overcast since the nurses work first things this morning. The sky had lost the early morning sun and while it was still early it was now awash with various shades of gray, in places a chunk light managed to break through, but otherwise it almost felt pre-dawn. The gloom of the day was reflected in the mood of the nurses on their bikes. Patsy wanted to say sorry but didn't know the words and Barbara didn't know how to even begin. Both the girls wanted to start again but neither one wanted to open their mouths

End  
file.